The Toy Doctor's Kit

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/4246152.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal - Fandom, Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Matthew Brown/Dr. Frederick Chilton, Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Dr. Frederick Chilton/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Matthew Brown, Frederick Chilton
Additional Tags:	Age Play, Non con sedation, diapering, non sexual age play, pacifier gags, bottles, Restraints, blindfold, Will just wants to do his job, Possessive Hannibal, Creepy Hannibal, Bathing, Child Murder, Home Invasion, Will having visions, Infantilism, daddy!Hannibal, baby!Will, Poisoning, Murder, Misogyny, Sexual puppy play
Language:	English
Collections:	Leo’s favorites <3
Stats:	Published: 2015-07-03 Completed: 2015-08-01 Words: 13,814 Chapters: 7/7

The Toy Doctor's Kit

by LivingOnTheEdge5

Summary

"Hannibal, no!" He barks. "I don't have time for this right now!"
"Oh, Oh, " Hannibal says, and takes Will's face into his hands. "Remember what daddy told you about talking sweetheart," he reminds his baby.
"Goddammit Hannibal! Enough!" Will yells and watches as Hannibal's face goes completely expressionless; never a good sign. "I...need...to...work. There is a guy out there preying on kids." Will's eyes are frantic. "And I'm this close to understanding him. This close!" Will pleads. "Please let me go so I can do my job. I'll take a break after he's caught. Please Hannibal."
Hannibal's face now holds the expression of someone waiting out a rainstorm; bored but resigned. He could care less about some pig running amuck in a fallen world, even though he finds the choice of victims abhorrent.
Will is the only person whom Hannibal feels a sense of responsibility towards. Will's work is killing him; QED, he must be protected from himself.

Notes

Based on a prompt from my tumblr buddies: telerafairlyreie, cannibalspet, and puppyxtraining- I hope i was able to include all your fabulous ideas!!

Tags will be added/changed as this story goes on.

A Troubling Development

These are two of the many wonderful age play stories which serve as origin/companion pieces to this fic.

The Doll by **Elle82**- Alana brings her new doll over to Will's for their impromptu playdate.

The McKenzie Treatment by **telera**-Hannibal drugs Will, Will wakes up in a crib with mittens padlocked on his hands and a pacifier-gag in his mouth, and then Hannibal walks in.

"Frederick, what is your opinion of these?" Hannibal asks, handing his tablet to his friend.

Dr. Chilton groans with exasperation. "You're going to spoil him, Hannibal," he warns. "Matty never gets presents unless it's his birthday or Christmas! Now... what am I looking at?" He asks rolling his eyes, bored out of his skull.

Hannibal's eyes narrow, "They are medical kits for little boys and girls so they can pretend to be doctors," he says, leaning over to lightly caress Fredericks ass before giving it a sharp, twisting pinch.

"Aii, Dios mio! What was that for?" Frederick yips, jerking away and nearly spilling his drink.

"You appeared to be nodding off," Hannibal explains smoothly and watches with interest as Frederick is compelled to adjust his slacks as his rapidly filling cock becomes uncomfortable.

"*Pity that the boys are upstairs*," Hannibal thinks, "*or I would suggest a pleasurable activity of our own.*"

"Now that I have your attention, "Hannibal continues jovially, "which would you recommend?"

Frederick sighs with resignation and randomly points at a selection on the screen.

"That one," he says and hands the tablet back to Hannibal who looks to see which one Frederick suggested.

"Twelve piece Light and Sound Doctor Kit-pink," Hannibal reads. "Sounds and lights?" He repeats dubiously.

"All kids love noise and flashing lights," Frederick says, bored to sobs. He is busy wrapping a slice of prosciutto around a wedge of cheese then proceeds to shove it into his mouth while he speaks. "If it doesn't need batteries, Matty doesn't want it," he says around his bulging cheeks.

"Well my little one is happy without fancy gadgets," Hannibal says frowning as he watches Frederick wrestle with his mouthful of food.

Pushing the limits of Frederick's gag reflex is one of Hannibal's favorite pastimes, but there are limits to human decency.

"Good for him," Frederick says blandly, and gulps down half his ice tea, unaware of what his friend is planning for him later.

"Speaking of which..." Frederick says, sitting-up and shaking off his food torpor, "I haven't heard a peep from those two little monsters in ages." Frederick's smile is salacious. "You know what that means Hannibal...they must be up to something."

Hannibal carefully places his glass back on his coaster and rises. Still smiling, Frederick watches as Hannibal walks over to the intercom system; Hannibal has his own theory of what is going on upstairs, but it's better to be safe than sorry.

"Will? Matty? Could you boys come down here right away?" He says into the intercom.

A few seconds later and Matty's voice is heard, tinny from distortion.

"Okay Uncle Hannibal, I'll be right down."

"Tell Will to come as well," Hannibal says.

This time there is a longer lag time before Matty's voice is heard, sounding anxious.

"He says he's too busy working on a case Uncle Hannibal," he says.

Hannibal purses his lips. "Very well, tell him I will have a private conversation with him later. Please meet us down in the study."

"Okay," Matty says, "Roger, ten-four, over and out!"

Hannibal smiles at the boy's final salutation.

"Matty still likes to pretend he is a fireman?" He asks Frederick as he returns back to the couch.

"Fireman, policeman, whatever," Frederick says chewing on a celery stalk. He consults his watch and takes a final swig of tea.

"Tsk, we have to be going," he says, and just at that moment, Matty appears in the doorway.

Frederick stands up and Hannibal retrieves his jacket from the chair it's been slung over.

"I have a conference to attend to and Matty needs to mow the lawns before I leave."

While Frederick is gathering his things, Hannibal pulls Matty a little away from his daddy.

"What did you play with Will today Matty?" Hannibal asks.

Matty looks down and the tip of his ears turn pink.

"Ummm..." he stalls and a large, warm hand engulfs his chin and forces him to look Hannibal in the eyes.

"What is it Hannibal?" Frederick says, noticing now that his little boy is engaged in a private conversation. "What has Matty done now?"

"Nothing Frederick," Hannibal says, "I was just asking Matty what he and Will had been playing today."

"Ah ha!" Frederick says, pleased. "I knew they were up to something!"

Frederick strides over to Matty and grabs him by the ear.

"What did you do you little rascal?!" He says, cruelly twisting his boy's ear.

"Owwww, nothing papa!" Matty protests trying to pull away, but his daddy's grip is too strong to break.

Hannibal presses his lips together displeased at Frederick's way of handling the situation.

"Will didn't want to be little so I just played with his trains by myself!" Matty whines.

Frederick shoots a look at Hannibal before unceremoniously dropping Matty's ear and goes back to collecting his things and buttoning up his jacket.

Hannibal places a gentle hand on top of Matty's head and gives it a small caress.

"Thank you for telling me Matty. I 'm sorry that Will didn't play with you today."

"That's okay," Matty says, bashfully; Uncle Hannibal's affection always makes him a bit shy.

"Looks as it Will needs a remedial lesson in how to be a good host," Frederick remarks drily.

"Matty, could you please go wait in the music room for your papa?" Hannibal asks.

Matty looks from Hannibal back to his daddy with a worried expression.

"Is Will in trouble?" He asks in a small voice and frowns when Frederick laughs.

"No, Matty, your papa and I need to have a quick little talk about grown-up issues. It won't take but a minute," Hannibal says, putting his arms around Matty's shoulders and walking the boy out towards the hallway. "That's a good boy," he praises and Matty beams; it's easy to be a good boy around Uncle Hannibal.

Hannibal sighs and turns back into the room where Frederick is waiting with an expectant expression.

"Well? What's the big mystery?" He asks facetiously.

Hannibal frowns.

"It's Will. I'm worried about him." Hannibal confesses. "He is working himself to the bone and refuses to take any time off, even to decompress at home."

Hannibal doesn't mention that Will has eschewed his little mindspace for more than a month and he misses 'little Will.'

"Hmm," Frederick says," can't say that I've noticed any difference, other than that he seems more waspish whenever I see him in Jack's office."

"He's lost nine pounds in the last two weeks and his nightmares are creeping back," Hannibal says, his jaw clenching with tension.

"What are you going to do?" Frederick asks with interest.

Hannibal paces the room with his hands clasped behind his back. "I've been hoping to entice him with trips to the zoo or aquarium but he refuses to go out during the weekends. Now I'm focusing on toys which might peak his interest," Hannibal admits.

"Didn't he have a dolly he was obsessed with?" Frederick asks.

"He did, and played with it continuously. But yesterday I found it stuffed into the back of the linen closet."

Frederick grins. "Well, I wish you well *compadre!*" He says, going over to shake Hannibal's hand and giving him a clap on the shoulder. "He's a stubborn boy! Let me know if you need any help breaking his spirit," he says, his mouth watering at the thought.

"I'm certain Will and I are capable of working through this ourselves," Hannibal remarks icily.

Frederick smirks and heads-out to find his boy.

Hannibal walks them to the door and says their goodbyes.

He walks back into the kitchen and stands beside the island, pondering what his next move should be.

"*Will needs to be protected from himself but this won't be easy...*" Hannibal looks up towards the second floor where his lover has been ensconced for hours and feels a twinge of excitement at the endless possibilities.

" *Will is killing himself with stress...and that ends...tonight*," he promises himself.

Hannibal goes back into the study and retrieves his tablet. He goes into his Amazon account and prints a copy of his shopping cart.

"*Everything a little boy's heart could desire*," he thinks hoping his selection will tempt Will into taking a much needed break.

He steels himself for a fight and climbs the stairs.

Hannibal follows the upstairs corridor past the master bedroom and down to little Will's room.

He already knows, based on Matty's confession, that it will be empty. Sure enough, the room stands quiet and vacant. The comforter on the twin bed has been turned to the solid side; no bright characters greet Hannibal as he enters and he quickly scans the rest of the room.

No toys, picture books, or dirty socks are scattered across the floor or bed. The deserted room stands like a shrine to a dead child's memory; frozen in time and Hannibal inexplicably shivers.

Impatiently he shakes off his melancholy and walks over to Will's closet door, opening it a crack to peer inside. Will's drab adult outfits hang there. Hannibal swings the door fully open and a pyramid of stuffed animals tumbles out.

Hannibal stands, motionless, until the rainbow tidalwave peters-out. Then he reaches down and roots under the soft pile until he finds a familiar brown, fluffy arm and pulls it free.

He straightens-up and examines Mr. Bear.

"He buried you first," Hannibal concludes, stroking the soft fur of little Will's first and dearest stuffed friend and confidante.

Impulsively, Hannibal brings the toy to his face and breathes in its scent: baby shampoo, crayons, and dust.

Leaving the rest of the stuffed animals where they lay, Hannibal carries Mr. Bear to little Will's bed and places him squarely on the center of the pillows. Then he gives the bear's well-chewed ear a reassuring tweak.

"Your little friend will be back soon," he promises the toy and smiles at his own whimsy. Then he returns to his perusal of little Will's room.

A sloppy stack of manila folders sits on the dresser and Hannibal begins to straighten them. As he does, a few photos flutter to the ground and Hannibal bends to retrieve them. Automatically, his eye glances over them; Hannibal stops and examines the photographs more carefully. Then he goes through the folders they fell from, and scrutinizes the papers within. The date stamps on the paperwork combined with the subject matter of the photos are the missing pieces of the puzzle Hannibal has been looking for to explain Will's current mindset.

"*Oh William*," he sighs, flipping through a thick stack of crime scene photos: detailed close-ups of horrific, domestic slaughter in which several children were victims. "*Why didn't you share this with me?*" He thinks sadly as he reads the well-thumbed and wrinkled pathology reports. Will's notes, cramped and copious are there as well and Hannibal reads every sheet.

Finally Hannibal is satisfied and returns the papers and photos to their files.

Then Hannibal sniffs the air like a bloodhound. A faint, but familar metallic scent draws him to one of little Will's top dresser drawers and he pulls it open. Hidden under a thin layer of cotton Sponge Bob and Olaf Underoos, Hannibal finds a full box of cartridges and a speed loader for Will's service revolver. Hannibal's eyes narrow; the situation is worse than he even suspected. He collects the box and loader and concludes the inspection of little Will's room finding nothing else of note. Taking the cartridges and loader with him, Hannibal leaves his boy's room, carefully closing the door behind him and goes in search of Will.

Just as he predicted, Hannibal finds Will in the upstairs office; a recent convertion of a little-used sitting room. Hannibal doesn't bother knocking before entering; he knows Will is too engrossed in his work to care about such formalities.Will sits hunched over his laptop, and just as predicted, doesn't notice Hannibal's presence.As Hannibal steps through the threshold, his nose is assailed with the stale, fetid air of his unwashed lover.

Hannibal watches Will for a full minute, before wordlessly, turning and leaving. Absorbed in his research, Will is completely unaware he's had a momentary visitor.

Will groans and stretches.

A throbbing headache is booming away at the base of his skull, and his lower back is screaming for a position change. As he shifts, he notices that his waistband gaps more than it usually does.

"*Hmm, must of lost a little weight*," he thinks as he closes his tired eyes and massages his neck. "*What time is it?"* He wonders, and peers at his computer screen.

"*Oh, shit!"* He thinks, suddenly alert.

It's eleven o'clock at night, which means he's been in this cubicle of a room for sixteen hours.

"*Hannibal is going to be pissed*," he thinks grimly. "*I can't believe he hasn't come in here and said something already*."

Will runs his fingers through his greasy hair and stands up.

Instantly his vision blacks-out.

"*Whoa...head rush*," he thinks and waits patiently until his sight is clear again before heading to the guest bathroom to take a much needed leak.

As Will is washing his hands he glimpses himself in the vanity mirror; the sight surprises him.

"*I look like hell*," he reflects objectively, taking in his dirty, shaggy hair, red, puffy eyes, and loose and wrinkled clothing. When he goes to dry his hands they're shaking.

"*Hmm...better get something to eat*," he thinks and suddenly, food is all he can think about.

"*Wasn't Matthew here earlier*?" He thinks, striving to remember the events of the day as he slowly descends the stairs, *"Oh well, that's not important*."

Will reaches the kitchen and sees a tray, set for one, with a covered dish sitting on the island. A note, penned in Hannibal's meticulous copperplate is resting against a silver cover.

"Dear Will,

I've been called away on an emergency and don't expect to return until early tomorrow morning.

I made a small snack for you in the event you are hungry.

Love,

Hannibal

Will hungrily lifts the lid then his eyebrows rise in surprise when he examines what's underneath it; one of 'little Will's' sectioned plates filled with a meal clearly prepared with a child in mind: crust less PB&J sandwiches cut into quarters, a sealed baggy of apple slices, and a single slice of banana bread.

"*Why would he leave this for me?"* Will wonders and slams the lid back down.Hungry and now frustrated, Will walks over to the refrigerator and pulls open the door; empty, except for jars of condiments, a carrot in the vegetable drawer, and two carafes of milk, one chocolate, and one plain.

"*Where's the rest of the bread, apples, and banana bread?"* He wonders.

Will opens the freezer: ice and two packets of frozen-solid 'mystery meat.' Will closes the freezer and shuffles to the pantry, his hunger is getting harder to ignore now. Predictably, the shelves contain nothing but labeled ingredients for baking and bottles of oils and vinegars. Will searches the shelves hoping to find an errant can of chili but comes up empty-handed.

"*Coffee!*" He thinks excitedly and heads over to the canister. It's empty as well except for a few stray beans.

"*Huh, the cupboards really are bare...when was the last time we shopped?*" He thinks ashamed that he can't remember the last time he'd been to a grocery story.

Will go back to the refrigerator and swings it open.The carafe of chocolate milk catches his eye.

"*I haven't had cold chocolate milk in years...I wonder what prompted Hannibal to make it*?" Will ponders. He grasps the bottle of chocolate milk and pulls it out.The bottle is beaded with condensation and feels delightfully chilly in his hand.Will unscrews the lid and as soon as the rich, creamy smell of chocolate hits his nose his mouth begins to water. Without further hesitation he tips the carafe and drinks directly from the bottle. The cool, sweet, liquid feels marvelous going down his hot throat.

Will paces the kitchen, taking occasional swigs as he walks, until the carafe is nearly empty.

"*Must of have been thirstier than I thought,*" he thinks guiltily when he sees how low the level has fallen. Will rubs a brown milk mustache off his own real one.

"*When was the last time I did that?*" He thinks, with a stab of sadness. "*I haven't felt like being little in so long...not after..."*

Will's dangerous train of thought is slowing down of its own accord as a warm feeling spreads from his stomach to his limbs. He yawns and opens the frig to replace the carafe. Pulling the door open is harder than Will remembers it being. "*Must be sticking*," he thinks, blinking as his vision blurs. He nearly drops the bottle but manages to shove it back to its place on the shelf.

"Butter fingers," he scolds himself and closes the door

Will walks through the kitchen and into the living room thinking a little TV might be nice. As he reaches down to grab the remote off the coffee table, he becomes dizzy and stumbles against the edge of the couch.

"Whoops! " He says flopping onto the couch, limbs akimbo. Will's head is suddenly too heavy to support its own weight and unconcernedly, he allows it to loll to one side.

"*Hmmm... I thought only warm milk caused drowsiness," he* ponders sleepily."M*aybe I'll just rest my eyes for a few...*" Will's body feels as though it's melting into the plush softness of the couch cushions.He closes his eyes and goes still.As he's drifting into sleep, still clutching the remote, he feels a warm hand on his forehead.

"Mmmm," he murmurs, it takes a supreme effort just to make that small utterance.

"Shhh..." a deep voice, instantly recognizable, orders.Strong, but gentle fingers card through his hair.

Will smiles; his eyelids flutter once before going still.

Will is asleep.

Hannibal checks Will's vital signs before going into the kitchen.The platter of drugged food sits untouched so he opens the refrigerator to check on the status of the carafes of sedated milk.

The bottle of plain milk is completely full but more than half of the chocolate milk is missing.

"*My little one still has a sweet tooth*," he thinks, and does some rapid calculations. Based upon the dosage and the amount of liquid imbibed, Will should be rousing in close to an hour; plenty of time to secure him upstairs.

Hannibal returns to the living room and scoops Will up; it's alarming how light he's become since his recent weight loss. In his arms, Will's already diminutive frame feels skeletal. Hannibal can feel each of Will's ribs and spinal vertebrae as he holds him and climbs the stairs. Hannibal sighs; he's disappointed that Will would allow things to go so far.

"*I must take part of the blame*," Hannibal castigates himself as he carries Will into the guest room and lays him in the adult-sized crib brought out of storage.

"*I should have been monitoring him more carefully*," he thinks with regret as he begins to strip Will of his soiled clothing.

Naked, Will looks like a plucked chick and Hannibal considers whether a feeding tube, rich in nutrients might be necessary.

"Oh, Will," Hannibal says sorrowfully as he carefully wipes down the emaciated body with a warm, soapy cloth. "*However did we get to this point? You seem to have gone down at least another ten pounds since the last time I checked,* " he mourns as he spreads diaper ointment over Will's genitals and swaddles him in a thick diaper.

Will is still heavily sedated when Hannibal places him on his stomach and secures his wrists and ankles with soft, cotton straps. He pushes the button which raises the sides of the crib and drapes little Will's favorite cuddle blanket over the slumbering man.

Then Hannibal dims the lights, pulls-up a chair and waits for his charge to awaken.

Baby Steps

Chapter Summary

Will is not happy with Hannibal's proposed therapy.

Chapter Notes

This...thing!!!
What started out as fun and games has taken a left turn! However, Hannibal truly loves Will and would never hurt him- he just thinks he knows what's best.

just FYI- italics are thoughts or memories.

Will sleeps on, well past the one hour mark and Hannibal decides to start a drip. Will whimpers when the needle goes into his hand but Hannibal soothingly rubs it and Will's body relaxes. After the IV is established Will sighs and turns his face towards Hannibal. Hannibal leans over the side of the crib, lovingly brushing lank strands of hair off Will's face before pressing a pacifier between his lips. Will resists the intrusion at first but finally accepts it; pulling it into his mouth and giving it a few, rapid sucks.

Hannibal watches, entranced; this is exactly what he has been missing and what his little one has been subconsciously craving. For the first time in weeks, Will's face is a healthy color and his dark lashes fan-out against his pink cheeks.

"So sweet...my baby boy," Hannibal murmurs and checks Will's diaper; he's disappointed to find it's still dry.

Hannibal retrieves Mr. Bear from Will's room and lays the toy against Will's forehead. Sucking intermittently, Will smiles around his pacifier and nuzzles the bear's soft fur with his cheek.

Hannibal could stand for hours watching his baby sleep, but he has other things to attend to. Reluctantly he tears himself away and goes to stand in front of the nursery's walk-in closet. Most of the items which have aided Will's regressions in the past are stored here and Hannibal runs his eye over the beautifully organized stacks: disposable diapers, cloth diapers enema kits, pacifier gag, blindfold, pacifier clips, locking mittens, ointment, powder, wipes, receiving blankets, fleece blankets, infant toys, board books, pacifiers, and an extra diaper pail.

Hannibal pulls his fingers through the plush sheepskin rug recommended by a parenting website; "*pairing a large sheepskin rug with a waterproof pad or receiving blanket provides a lush and versatile changing/napping area for your little one*."

"*Good to have two options*," Hannibal had agreed. "*Will's crib and also this sheepskin when he's in the family room or my office."*

To truly reap the benefits of this therapy, Will needs to relinquish total control of his mind and body into Hannibal's care; a task Hannibal knows Will will not find easy.

Hannibal recalls how Will had brusquely dismissed his concerns about his own failing health.

"*I'm working on a case Hannibal!"* Will had snapped. *"One which has a possible link to human trafficking operations out of Miami. I don't have time to sit around in pull-ups right now!"* Will had unleashed then stormed out of the room, refusing to meet Hannibal's eye.

Under normal circumstances, such behavior would have warranted a swift and thorough punishment but Hannibal's worry had mitigated his response.

"*Will's condition continued to devolve...so here we are*," Hannibal concludes as he goes down to the kitchen to prepare a bottle of unflavored milk. "*No more sweets for a while*, " he decides, before returning to the nursery.

Everything in the hushed room is just as he left it.

Hannibal takes the empty IV bag off its hook and carefully removes the line from Will's hand then tidies away all the medical paraphernalia.

Just as Hannibal completes his task, Will begins to squirm so Hannibal quickly pushes the bottle's nipple into his mouth, pleased when Will, eyes still shut, latches on and begins to drink. Hannibal feels a glow of paternal love watching his sweet baby suckle the bottle until it's emptied. He wishes he could touch Will while he feeds but fears any additional stimulus might wake him. Hannibal hopes it won't be long before Will allows himself to be cradled in Hannibal's or another's arms while he feeds. Lack of self-consciousness has always been a hallmark of a successful regression and Hannibal knows that Frederick and Matty will be more than willing to tend to his baby when that time comes. Hannibal substitutes the empty bottle with the pacifier which Will immediately begins to suck.

Hannibal positions the rocker to face the crib, then settles down to begin The Devil in the White City, a novel Frederick recommended a while back but Hannibal is only now getting to. He is three chapters into the book when he smells urine. Peering over the top of his reading glasses Hannibal's eyes meet Will's. However, further observation suggests that Will is actually in a dream state.

Then the pacifier pops out of Will's mouth and he blinks rapidly.

Hannibal stands, the better to observe Will's expression as it morphs from dazed, to bemused, to alarmed all in the space of three seconds.

"Hello baby boy, did you have a nice nap?" Hannibal coos as he leans over to the crib's railing.

"Really!?" Will huffs, lifting his head off the mattress to peer around at his surroundings; the rustling of his diaper makes him frown.

"My baby has been so sick, " Hannibal says, stroking Will's head, "But daddy's here now and you're going to get better, I promise."

Will jerks away from the contact.

"The chocolate milk!" Will says comprehension dawning on his face and he strains his neck to glare up at Hannibal.

Hannibal is amused at his baby's peevish expression but knows his little one needs discipline.

"Shhh," he says sternly."You're going to have a nice, warm bath then daddy's going to put you in a clean diaper and new jammies. Doesn't that sound nice?" Hannibal asks.

"No, Hannibal," Will says squirming with discomfort at being pinned on his stomach with a wet diaper wrapped around his junk. "I need to call Jack. Now!"

Hannibal smile turns gleeful and Will feels a jolt of fear.

"What a good, baby," Hannibal says pushing the button which lowers the bars, "trying so hard to talk to daddy." Hannibal strokes Will's diaper clad bottom and Will instinctively freezes. "Daddy doesn't want to punish his sweet baby boy, but I will if I have to," Hannibal warns in dulcet tones and Will's glut muscles clinch involuntarily. "And I've already spoken to Uncle Jack. He's going to take care of everything at work so I can take care of you here."

"Hannibal, I can't..." is all Will manages to get out before Hannibal puts his hand over his mouth.

"That is enough, sweetheart. From this point on, until I determine you are ready for more, your only word will be 'dada.' Can you say that? Dada?"

Hannibal crouches down so his face is right next to Will's. Will bites the inside of his mouth as his eyes dart around Hannibal's face.

Hannibal's eyes narrow; his baby is up to something, he's certain of it.

Then Will's eyes take on a soft, glazed appearance.

"Dada," he says, his full lips pulling into a little pout. "Da, da, da, da," he burbles and Hannibal smiles triumphantly. Even if Will is planning on defying him, for now, this is enough.

"Very good. Just rest here while I get your bath ready," Hannibal says and smiles when Will scowls. "What's the matter sweetheart, do you have a tummy ache?" He asks and gently rubs Will's tense back.

Will shakes his head and opens his mouth but thinks better of it and turns his head away.

"Alright, alright baby, your bath will make you feel much better," Hannibal soothes and hurries to the powder room.

From his pinioned position, Will sees that he's in the largest guest room which has been converted into a nursery.

"Shit!" Will says out loud, but too softly for Hannibal to hear.

"What was that baby?" Hannibal is back now and startlingly close.

Will glances up, hoping for leniency.

Luckily, Hannibal's excellent mood continues and he only laughs at his baby's oath. Hannibal holds-up a hooded towel decorated to resemble a dog and angles it so Will can see.

"Look baby, a doggie towel for after your bath!" Hannibal enthuses.

"*Christ. He's really into this*, " Will frets to himself.

"Now, I'm going to take these straps off, so be good and don't move," Hannibal says as he begins to unbuckle the restraints.

Will lies still and waits until the last binding is off before he begins to sit up.

"Uh, uh," Hannibal warns, pushing Will back down onto the mattress. "Wait until daddy helps you, I don't want you to fall."

If looks could kill, Hannibal would be a cooling corpse on the floor and he laughs merrily.

"Such a grumpy baby! Up we go!" He says hoisting Will into his arms. Startled, Will involuntarily grabs onto Hannibal for stability.

"Ups- a-daisy," Hannibal chortles, and carries Will into the bathroom. He carefully lowers Will onto the toilet seat. Then, holding Will's shoulder as though he were a wobbly baby, he rips-off the tabs and eases the diaper off.

"What a good boy!" Hannibal croons, pulling Will upright, and Will has to admit, it's nice to be praised for doing absolutely nothing. He leans his head against Hannibal's chest and receives a caress in response.

"That's right, my sweet baby, " Hannibal says, lifting Will up by the armpits and carrying him to the tub. Will's face turns hot and he tries not to think what he looks like; a grown man stripped naked, being swung around like a rag doll.

Will is settled into shallow, warm water and immediately pulls his knees to his chest, suddenly aware he might pop a boner.

"Put your legs down sweetheart. I need to wash your little penis, and bottom," Hannibal instructs as he pours bath gel onto a mitt and begins to gently wash Will's genitals.

"*Yeah, not helping*, " Will thinks and attempts to distract himself by examining the mitt and bottle of shower gel. Both are bright yellow and part of a toiletries set Will has never seen before.

"Do you like this? It's a duck!" Hannibal says, holding the mitt up for Will's appraisal. "Ducks go *'quack quack'* " Hannibal instructs, as he begins to run the mitt across Will's arms and shoulders."When you are a bigger boy, you will be able to say *'quack quack'* just like daddy."

Will's eyebrows rise. He's really not in the mood, but he forces himself to remain silent as Hannibal soaps his body and rinses off the suds.

"Now I'm going to shampoo your hair," Hannibal announces and proceeds to lather and rinse Will's hair with the nozzle attachment. Will enjoys this part and closes his eyes as his scalp is massaged and rinsed. The smell of pears lingers after the tub is drained and Will is rinsed-off one last time.

"All done!" Hannibal says and Will smiles sleepily. He's warm and relaxed and already looking forward to the soft mattress of his crib.

"*No, wait, I need to talk to Jack*! " He reminds himself, the thought making him tense-up in Hannibal's arms.

"Next time, " Hannibal says and Will looks at him with surprise.

Hannibal smiles. "Next time, if you are good, you may play with toys in the bath," Hannibal says, enveloping Will with a huge, fluffy bath towel and briskly rubbing.

"*Oh, ha, ha! Very funny*! " Will thinks to himself.

"Here we go," Hannibal says as he dries Will's hair then wraps him in the hooded towel. With his damp curls poking-out from the hood, Will looks deliciously young and adorable, and Hannibal's smile is large and sunny.

"Looks so cute!" Hannibal crows as he nestles Will into his arms.

"**DA! DA**!" Will growls, imbuing the two syllables with all the anger and resentment he feels from his current situation.

"No, no!" Hannibal reprimands him, as he carries the warm, damp bundle back to the nursery. "It's time for little babies to calm down now," he adjures, kissing Will's forehead before laying him down in the crib.

Will's eyes narrow, but he says nothing.

Hannibal sighs at the stubbornness of his baby as he raises the level of the crib.

"It's alright," Hannibal says as though reassuring a frightened baby and presses his palm onto Will's chest. "Daddy won't let you fall; I'm just moving your little crib up. See?" He says and Will grunts with exasperation. "Now I'm going to make you safe," Hannibal says and secures a loose strap around Will's middle.

In spite of himself, Will's eyelids begin to feel heavy as Hannibal applies ointment and wraps him in a thick diaper. Then he's unbuckled and dressed in a striped blue and white union suit with snaps up the legs.

"*I'm going to sweat through this thing*," Will thinks tugging disapprovingly on one tight sleeve.

"No, no, baby. Don't tug at your little sleeper. It's going to keep you warm and cozy. Now, daddy's going to make you another bottle and then you're going to sleep," Hannibal says as he begins to manipulate Will's hands and feet into the restraints.

At the first tug and repositioning of his limbs, Will begins to struggle. "Hannibal, no!" He barks. "I don't have time for this right now!"

"Oh, Oh, " Hannibal says, and takes Will's face into his hands. "Remember what daddy told you about talking sweetheart," he reminds his baby.

"Goddammit Hannibal! Enough!" Will yells and watches as Hannibal's face goes completely expressionless; never a good sign. "I...need...to...work. There is a guy out there preying on kids." Will's eyes are frantic. "And I'm *this* close to understanding him. ***This*** close!" Will pleads. "Please let me go so I can do my job. I'll take a break after he's caught. Please Hannibal."

Hannibal's face now holds the expression of someone waiting out a rainstorm; bored but resigned. He could care less about some pig running amuck in a fallen world, even though he finds his choice of victims abhorrent. Will is the only person whom Hannibal feels a sense of responsibility towards. Will's work is killing him; QED, he must be protected from himself.

"No, sweetheart," he says, grabbing Will's hand and strapping it down with lighting speed. Will fights back but is overpowered and fully restrained. "Daddy just needs to keep you safe, little one. That's what these straps are for, to keep babies safe," Hannibal explains.

Breathing heavily, Will lies on his back and stares up at the ceiling. "If this guy kills again, I'll never forgive myself," he says quietly.

Hannibal smiles at his baby's attempt at manipulation and brings out the pacifier gag and fleece blindfold from the closet.

"Daddy's baby has been worrying about grown-up things too long. Time to rest," Hannibal says, pushing the gag into Will's mouth and velcroing the straps around his thrashing head. Will continues to twist and jerk as Hannibal secures the soft blindfold. He's not surprised at Will's violent reaction and admits to himself that he is enjoying Will's resistance.

Hannibal strokes Will's hair and hums "Nessen Dorma" until Will finally settles and goes still.

"That's my baby," he whispers approvingly and Will turns his head away, drool running down his cheeks. Hannibal tenderly wipes Will's face clean with a cloth diaper. "You'll get your other pacifiers back when you can prove to daddy you'll be a good boy," Hannibal promises. "This is daddy's special pacifier we use when babies use naughty words."

Will remains silent, which Hannibal takes as a good sign. He folds two diapers and places them against Will's face in the event of more drooling. Then Hannibal lowers the level of the crib, raises the bars, and dims the light, more to set the mood than anything else.

"I'll be right back sunshine," Hannibal promises and leaves to prepare the promised bottle.

The case

Chapter Summary

> Will 'experiences' the crime which he's been grappling with. Hannibal feels he must show Will 'tough love.'

Chapter Notes

> A bit of a child murder is explored in this chapter in Will's vision- its not exceptionally gruesome, but it involves kids so please be aware and avoid if that bothers you.
>
> Note: italics are used for thoughts and memories-hopefully my writing is clear enough that the reader can tell which is which- fingers crossed.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gagged, blindfolded and held fast in the crib, Will reviews his options. He's ashamed to admit how close he is to just giving in. Letting himself be diapered, and rocked and bathed; Hannibal is always extremely tender when he cares for 'infant Will.'

"*And if it weren't for this damn case...*" Will knows he would have succumbed weeks ago.

"*But I can't... I can't. There's too much at stake*."

Will tries to relax and think rationally; he doesn't have much time before Hannibal returns with the bottle.

"*Has Jack really agreed to this? I can't believe that! Who's working it if I'm not? Nicolson and Jack? Jack and Hannibal? "*

This last option would, of course be best, but was Hannibal willing?

"Probably not. Especially if he plans that I regress; Daddy would never leave me alone."

"*Shit."* Will squirms in the dark room.

Daddy.

"Well that was close to the surface."

Will's lashes flutter against the blindfold as he miserably turns his head from side to side. His snug sleep suit feels too constricting and blazingly hot. Perspiration prickles all along the planes of his body, pools and collects, creating wet circles under his knees, armpits, and along his abdomen. He's suffocating, chocking, his heart beating so quickly he can't breathe fast enough to replace the depleted oxygen.

"Fuck! Calm down!"

But he can't, not tied down, gagged and blindfolded. Tears of frustration and helplessness well-up from his closed eyelids only to be immediately absorbed by the blindfold. His tongue pushes fruitlessly against his gag and he knows he's going to pass out soon.

He's been down this road before.

Up from the darkness pressing against his eyes an image unfolds: a kitchen floor, and strewn across it's surface, like discarded pieces of trash, two small children; bloodied, limp, lifeless.

"No, no, no, no!" Will bites down hard on the pacifier.

The smallest victim, barely out of diapers has one tiny, hand outstretched as though pleading for mercy. Clutched in it's other cold, stiff hand, is a stuffed llama. The rational part of Will's brain recalls how the forensic team had had a hard time separating the two even after death.

"*This is Mr. Bear Will, he will be a good friend for you."*

But Hannibal's voice is just a shadow, an echo, no real protection for what's to come.

Will is in the home, now the dark, quiet home. He's lying on a toddler's bed, dressed in his blue and white stripped sleeper. A figure appears outside the window and pulls-off the screen, pushes open the window and climbs inside.

Mr. Bear is gone, replaced by a sky-blue llama; soft as a cloud.

"Shhh!" The shadow's voice is muted and metallic sounding."*If you make one sound I will kill your big sister and then I will kill your mommy and daddy."*

From out of the darkness a hand touches Will's forehead and he screams around his gag, twisting and straining.

Hannibal takes his hand away.

He knew Will was distressed from the moment he entered the room, but this was something more; this was terror. Will's emotions pollute the air, sullying this most private and holy of sanctuaries.

Unexceptable.

"Shhhh," Hannibal croons and tries touching Will again. This time Will pukes-up milk, chocking and gagging and placing himself in danger of aspirating his own vomit.

Quick, steady hands pull Will's gag off and loosen his bindings. He is pulled onto his side and held there, still coughing and crying as Hannibal lowers the bars and raises the level of the bed.

"William!" The stern, recognizable voice comes to Will through the dark and the fading images of his vision. Hannibal eases the saturated blindfold off and Will blinks like a baby owlet. His face is a mess; a mixture of tears and snot, sticky milk and bile. Will's wet, matted eyelids frame large, pleading eyes.

"Oh, sweetheart, what have you done?"

Will whines, a high pitched keen that Hannibal has only heard a handful of times. He gently wipes Will's face with a cloth diaper as tears continue to slip down his face. Will's eyes are glazed and barely focused, still retreating back into his own thoughts.

Will not being fully present is unacceptable.

"William! Look at daddy!"

Those beautiful, haunted eyes flinch, then meet his.

"Farmer's markets...Hannibal! That's where he's finding them!"

For a moment, the nursery lies in quiet lassitude. The only noise is Will's breathing, slower and calmer but still rough from retching.

Hannibal's hand tightens on the cloth. Every good and positive step Will has taken in his therapy over the last twelve hours has been swept away by dint of those eight simple words.

Held fast and mere inches away, Will sees, feels, Hannibal's anger. The white hot pulse of it, rising and gathering, until...

Hannibal's eyes flash like shards of obsidian in the sun; dark and glittering and cold.
His tight lips part and he nods. Will holds his breath and mutely communicates.

"Please, Hannibal. Tell Jack. Please help me."

Hannibal pushes Will onto his back and Will lets him, his eyes darting across Hannibal's face.

"If you make a sound, I will kill your mommy and daddy!"

The wet, clammy blindfold is pressed back onto Will's face and his head flops as its bands are made fast.

"No! Hannibal!"

"If you scream, this will only hurt more..."

Will is no longer alone in the dark and he wets himself; the victims had all wet themselves sometime before death. Will feels a scream pressing against his throat, tightening his larynx

and forcing its way out. Will's shriek turns into a muffled wail as the gag is shoved into his mouth.

"When baby disobeys, it makes daddy so sad. Because it means my baby doesn't love and trust me to to know how to take care of you."

Hannibal's voice is soft but cold. It's so much like the one in Will's head that he stops breathing. Hannibal places a grounding palm on Will's chest and brings his face down next to his.

"Come on sweet boy, be a good baby for daddy and breathe."

"Fuck you! I'm trying!"

"Breathe in...hold it, breathe out. Feel daddy? Daddy's right here. Breathe in...hold it, breathe out. That's my good, sweet, little baby."

Hannibal's warmth and the smell of him helps. Following Hannibal's commands, Will breathing slackens and the pain in his chest recedes.

He can't take much more of this

Hannibal's hand leaves him and a moment later the gag is loosened and pulled off and Will's lips are breached with a nipple-full of warm milk.

"Drink."

Will hesitates; but he's already told Hannibal as much as he'll be permitted and his throat stings with the taste of bile, so he sucks a bit, just to get the taste out of his mouth before stopping.

"Ah, ah! Finish your bottle all up like a good baby," Hannibal warns and too worn-out to resist,Will complies.

Victory.

Hannibal holds the bottle with one hand while cleaning Will's forehead and cheeks with the other, crooning nonsensical, sweet nothings as he works.

Will's world has been reduced to velvet darkness, warm milk, and his daddy's hands and voice.

"*Daddy was angry*."

Will tenses and stops sucking.

"It's alright sweetheart, daddy forgives you. Such a good, sweet baby I have. "All done with your bottle? Do you need the pacifier with the head strap or are you going to be good?

Blindly, Will shakes his head and Hannibal smiles approvingly. "Here we go then. Here's your paci."

Contentedly, Will pulls in the familiar pacifier and his body slowly begins to relax. He feels Hannibal's hands on his legs and hears 'pops' as his sleeper's snaps are opened. Then his thighs are nudged apart and the diaper's tabs are ripped-off. For the first time, Will realizes he must have wet himself and he whimpers.

"It's alright. Babies are meant to wet their diapers so that daddies can take care of them," comes the gentle reassurance so full of love that Will's heart throbs painfully. He fights back tears as he's gently wiped and powdered and wrapped in a fresh diaper.

"*Daddy loves me. Daddy keeps me safe. Daddy won't let anyone hurt me*."

"Isn't that better? Now, daddy's going to get this sleeper off. "

Will nods sleepily, as Hannibal removes his sweaty clothing speaking quietly all the while in his beautiful voice; gentle, calm and achingly familiar. Even if he didn't have the blindfold pressing against them, Will's eyes would have been closed. He begins to drift in and out of sleep, Hannibal's voice a tether; holding him, protecting him.

Will is asleep when Hannibal runs a warm, wet washcloth over his body and dries him.

"*I won't redress him, it might wake him."*

Instead, Hannibal goes to the hall linen closet and pulls down a fleece blanket; warm yet lightweight to drape over the sleeping man. Will stirs and sighs, his pacifier bobbing once before going still.

Hannibal hopes this outburst will be the last, but knows how stubborn Will can be. His therapy could last for days, perhaps even a week.

Hannibal had, in good conscience, called and offered his own limited assistance to Jack; shared his thoughts and impressions based on the case file and Will's notes. But as always, Jack had wanted more.

Jack had wanted Will.

"I can't blame him. He has a job to do. But so do I. Jack will just have to wait."

Hannibal smiles down at his sweet baby; loving, brilliant, tormented.

He comes to a swift though distasteful conclusion.

"'He must nedys go that the deuell dryves.' But it's disappointing. "

Hannibal tidies the nursery and turns on the HEPA filter. Already the room's atmosphere is fresher, sweeter-smelling, more restful. He turns the mobile on but keeps the music switched off and looks upwards. The ceiling has been transformed into a swirl of colourful stars, planets, and the occasional cartoon character.

'Baby Will' has been known to spend an hour or more, lying on his back in his crib, gazing up at the shifting designs, giggling each time the suited astronaut and his helmeted dog appear, chased by a smiling alien in a flying saucer.

Yes, Hannibal is very much looking forward to seeing that.

Chapter End Notes

Did anyone spy my wee, little tribute to "Space Dogs"? don't you love that AU?

“He must nedys go that the deuell dryves”. (Needs must when the devil drives)
Source: http://www.worldwidewords.org/qa/qa-nee1.htm

To shave or not to shave

Chapter Summary

Will continues to fight Hannibal's 'therapy' so Hannibal is forced to ask a friend for help.

Chapter Notes

This just got longer by a chapter...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jack was easily led astray; "*Comically so,"* Hannibal admits drily. Though to be fair, Will had been on a false scent about the Miami connection; a red herring he would have no doubt discarded but for his overtaxed mind and body.

"*Jack is my friend, but daddy knows best*," Hannibal smilingly decides and places his call.

Now Jack was gone, busy running down the false lead. By Hannibal's calculations, Jack's plane should be beginning its descent into MIA around the time Will is just waking from his nap. With Jack out of the way Hannibal has greater license to permanently solve his baby's problem.

"*Discreet, elegant, permanent*."

He smiles at his own whimsy before returning to the task on hand; a few phone calls, and online research. Another hour passes before Hannibal hears movement coming from the monitor; Will is stirring restlessly in his bindings. Hannibal hurries to the nursery and sure enough, as soon as he opens the door, the smell of his baby's stress and fear fills his nostrils.

"Ne, ne, ne. Daddy's here, daddy's here," he soothes turning off the HEPA filter's gentle buzz before going to Will's side and pulling off his blindfold.

Will's turns wet, panicked eyes to Hannibal but other than beseeching whines, he says nothing.

"Good boy, such a good baby," Hannibal praises his little one for following the rules as he lowers the railing and discovers Will's pacifier trapped in the bars. "Oh, sweetheart, you lost your pacifier?" He says in a loving, reassuring voice gently wiping Will's eyes and stroking his head.

Will's mouth opens and works wordlessly, then closes. He looks into Hannibal's face and nods.

"That's right," Hannibal praises, feeling a blissful jolt of power and self-congratulation. "Daddy is so proud of his baby. Just let daddy take care of you sweetheart and I promise, everything will be fine. " Hannibal directs Will's attention to the ceiling "Look up baby. Can you see the stars?"

Will's brow knots for a moment before smoothing and he nods.

Hannibal chuckles and retrieves a pacifier clip from the closet. " Now, how about the little space ship?" He asks as he attaches the pacifier onto the ribbon and clips it onto his baby's blanket. Without taking his eyes off the ceiling, Will nods, opening his mouth so Hannibal can place the pacifier inside.

"Good! You watch the stars and daddy will be right back with your bottle." Will doesn't acknowledge this last statement, but Hannibal doesn't mind. He pauses in the doorway, enjoying the tableau of his baby boy safe and cozy in his crib, calmly watching the colors twirl across the ceiling. Then Hannibal hears it...the little giggle his baby saves for the moment he sees the doggie in a space helmet swoop past.

Hannibal sighs happily and goes to prepare the bottle.

Will has been permitted the use of his arms to hold his own bottle. With his free hand he plays with Mr. Bear's ear. The milk is sweet and high in fat content.

"*Whole milk and honey."*

He swirls the warm mixture in his mouth and smiles. He can hear Hannibal in the powder room preparing his bath and luxuriously wriggles his toes into the soft blanket.

"I forgot how tired being flat on my back in this thing makes me."

He stares dozily at the ceiling. Then he grins around the nipple when he sees the alien 'chase' after the astronaut and his space dog.

" No worries, no deadlines..."

But a then, inevitably, a prickle of worry pokes him, increasing in strength and frequency until he is forced to analyze its origins.

The case.

"Fuck!"

Will knows he needs to rouse himself out of his baby-stupor. He doesn't have the luxury of time; innocents are crying-out for justice.

His heart rate begins to pick-up, fueled by his ruminations. The half-filled bottle falls unheeded from his fingers.

"*Why am I the victims? Every time!? Why can't I see him? I need to **see** him, **feel** him. But I...I can't get into his head. Something keeps pushing me out..."*

Without realizing it, Will is pulling his hair. His eyes are watering from the pain, but he's locked-in and can't stop.

"No! No!"

Hannibal's voice is sharply stern as he pries Will's fingers from where they're twisted into the roots of his curls.

"Gentle with baby's hair!"

Will huffs a little sob that sounds like a laugh as his hands flop to his sides.

"All done?"

Now Hannibal is holding-up the half-filled bottle of milk.

Will's eyes are glazed and unseeing; Hannibal has lost him again.

"William!"

Will's eyes regain focus.

"I'm falling apart Hannibal. I can't do this!"

Will's mouth droops as though he might cry.

"Are you done with your bottle?" Hannibal repeats calmly smiling at his baby's valiant effort to stay in the moment.

Will nods and Hannibal rewards him with a kiss on the tip of his nose.

"Good baby, such a good baby."

Hannibal's hands make quick work of the straps then he pulls Will into his arms and carries him to the bathroom. In seconds, Will's diaper has been removed and he's placed in a warm bath fragrant with bath salts.

"And look what we have here?"

Hannibal is holding a box from which he pulls a bright, plastic toy.

Will stares wonderingly as Hannibal secures the toy's suction cups to the side of the tub and straightens.

"Eyes on daddy sweetheart. I need you to really hear what I have to tell you."

With difficulty, Will pulls his attention away from what appears to be a plastic tree house and turns large, blue eyes to Hannibal.

"Well done, sweet boy. Now, if you are good and let daddy wash, and make you all smooth, you may play with this toy for as long as you wish."

Will frowns and looks down the length of his body. In the past, Hannibal has encouraged Will to keep his body hair, even when Will expressed an interest in waxing. He shoots a bashful look back at Hannibal.

"Is that a 'yes' baby boy?"

Hannibal intends to wax and shave his baby whether Will agrees or not but acceptance is, of course, preferable. He won't explain his reasoning to his baby; that removing Will's body hair should help facilitate Will's return to his little mind set.

Will continues to look uncertain so Hannibal pulls out the big guns. He reaches into the box the toy came in and brings out seven soft rubber characters, placing them in turn along the flat edge of the tub: Pooh, Piglet, Eeyore, Roo, Tigger, Rabbit, and Owl.

Will's fingers twitch with the desire to hold the smooth, brightly colored figures and make them come alive. He glances to the end of the tub to confirm his suspicions and...and yes! It's the tree house from the Winnie the Pooh cartoon he and Matty watch when they're in their toddler minds pace .

Hannibal waits patiently as Will takes inventory of the play set's features: a swing, a slide, a little boat, and a ladder which leads to a barrel.

"*I bet Piglet would be scared to go down the slide so he'd hide in the barrel. But Tigger..."*

"Sweetheart?"

Will tries to concentrate on what Hannibal is saying, he really does, but now he sees that there is a bee hive attached to the tree; he giggles thinking about Pooh Bear gorging on honey.

"Sweetheart?"

Hannibal's hand comes down to cup Will's chin, gently pulling his attention towards him.

"You'll be a good boy and let daddy make you all smooth? No more fuzzy fur on my baby bear except what's on his head?"

Will nods quickly and reaches for the Piglet figure, but Hannibal is quicker. He runs his hand along the tub's edge and knocks the toys back into their box.

Will pouts and scowls at Hannibal who laughs at how cute his baby looks.

"Later, sugarplum."

Hannibal is busily gathering his supplies.

" Daddy will get you all clean and smooth and then we'll come back here and put fresh water in so you may play. Alright?"

Will looks mournfully at the toys, just out of reach and nods sadly.

Hannibal laughs again and prepares the bath mitt. He gently washes Will all over and rinses him. Then he shampoos and conditions his hair and drains the water.

"Ready to go get all this hair off?"

Hannibal knows waxing has advantages over hair removal lotions and that adult Will evidences masochistic tendencies; this experience should be a pleasurable one for both of them.

Will nods and Hannibal helps him up and out of the bathtub drying him carefully before bringing him into his own bathroom where a cot swathed in snowy towels is waiting.

Safe in Hannibal's arms, Will looks around with curiosity. There is a pot of wax with wooden sticks stuck in it that looks like it would be fun to play with; it emits a hot, candle smell.

"Now, baby, I'm going to spread some warm wax on your arms and legs and even around your little penis. Then daddy will place these strips of paper over the wax and pull them off, "One, two, three," like a band aid."

Will looks fearful so Hannibal offers him a pacifier and Mr. Bear for comfort. He strokes Will's damp hair.

"It will sting a little, but then my baby will be so smooth and nice for his bath time with your new toys. But before we wax your little body, I'm going to shave your face with daddy's razor."

Hannibal has barbered Will many times during their relationship and his lover has always enjoyed the experience. This time however, as soon as Will hears the word 'razor' he gasps and begins to squirm, attempting to pull out of Hannibal's grasp.

"Juvenile Caucasian male, approximately two years of age, multiple avulsions ...bisecting linea alba...twenty cms ... consistent with a straight razor."

Will sees the autopsy photo in his mind and tastes the milk he has just drunk.

"NO!" Will screams and bucks so strongly, Hannibal nearly drops him. "No daddy! Daddy not that!"

Hannibal sits down onto the cot and holds Will with a grip of iron. His boy writhes and screams and chants, "No, no, no, no," until he finally exhausts himself and lies, slumped in Hannibal's arms whimpering pitifully. Hannibal rocks him, kissing his head and crooning little Will's favorite lullaby. Eventually the whines become quieter and more sporadic then

cease all together. Will rubs his wet, hot face against Hannibal's shirt, sighs, and almost immediately falls asleep.

Hannibal debates whether to go through with the waxing anyway but decides against it. He would prefer Will is an active participant, so he carries Will back to the nursery and makes him ready for bed; diapering and dressing him in a short sleeved onesie and securing the restraints.

Hannibal feels torn as he watches his baby sleep; he knows he has work to do but is hesitant to leave Will in such a fragile state of flux. Though he had always planned on utilizing Frederick's help during Will's transition, he concludes that he needs to call on his friend sooner than later.

Hannibal leans over the crib and kisses every inch of the unconscious face. Will is so deeply asleep he shows no reaction.

"My sweet baby," Hannibal purrs and checks that his little one has a pacifier, Mr. Bear, and a warm blanket.

Hannibal turns on the air filter and leaves.

Will sleeps like the dead, not aware that Frederick is admitted into the house during the wee, small hours.

"Honestly, Hannibal," Frederick complains after Hannibal has reiterated his requirements and is preparing to leave," you act as though I've never taken care of the boy."

Hannibal's instructions for his friend were unusual, 'paranoid' was the word that came to Fredrick's mind after he learned every moment spent with Will was to be recorded on a laptop connected remotely to both Hannibal and a DVR.

"Because you haven't; not this Will." Hannibal argues, knotting a scarf around his neck."This Will is trapped in a state of limbo. I haven't seen my boy this traumatized in years."

"What is he self-protecting from?"

"One of his current cases. Are you familiar with any of them?"

"No, and I don't intend to be. I have enough on my plate without getting sucked into Jack's problems."

Hannibal smiles and kisses Frederick goodbye; his friend's self centeredness is sometimes his greatest asset.

"Keep in touch and I will see you tomorrow afternoon."

"Very well, *bon adventure*," Frederick replies smarmily and closes and locks the door. He immediately helps himself to the food and drink Hannibal has so thoughtfully provided and

settles himself in the library, baby monitor close at hand.

He hopes Will proves recalcitrant; he has always wanted to stopper that pretty little mouth with a gag, and this, he fervently hopes, will be his golden opportunity.

Chapter End Notes

I had to get a little 'evil Uncle Frederick ' in here!

Does anyone want to see him do anything in particular? I'm open for suggestions.

Daddy knows best

Chapter Summary

Hannibal takes a road trip for Will's sake.

Chapter Notes

this is about Hannibal as a killer- if you don't like that kind of stuff, you can skip this chapter-the next and final chapter will get back to the age play.

For the rest of you, hope you enjoy this little vignette (I kinda love writing Hannibal killing people- it's very cathartic: p)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There it was again.

The man shifts in his desk chair as the familiar tingle shoots through him.

"Paul?"

The man's wife is standing in the entrance of their home office; he modifies his face before looking at her expectantly.

"I'm going to take-off now. Anything else I should know about?"

Plenty actually; but nothing that the man is willing to share.

"Nope, I got it covered baby!"

He rises and pulls his wife into his arms, kissing her as the tingle grows stronger.

"*Soon,"* he promises it. *"Just let me take care of my shit here."*

The tingle subsides to a persistent itch, just below the surface of his skin; the man's stomach swoops with excitement.

He accompanies his wife out to the car; her suitcase is already in the back.

"I'll be back in plenty of time for the broker showing. But you'll need to swing by and turn everything on...oh and get the flowers?"

As she climbs into her car, the woman is ticking-off items on her mental checklist.

"I may hit traffic on the way back but I'll try and make most of it."

"Don't worry, I got it."

"You're the best! And then we'll still have five days before the kids get back..."

His wife lets the sentence dangle; she's been looking forward to "unhindered-by-children sex" for weeks.

The man leans down and kisses his wife through the open window.

"I'm going to go work-out right now," he jokes and his wife laughs.

"You'd better old man! I've got three new yoga positions I haven't even shown you yet!"

She backs out of the driveway and waves before heading down the road.

The man stands waving until her car goes around the bend.

He heads back in the house and carefully locks the door then sprints up the stairs two at a time; he feels invincible, like the hunter he is.

The doorbell rings and he turns toward the sound frowning.

"*What the fuck?! If the stupid cunt forgot something, why doesn't she just use her key?*"

He takes a moment to put on his 'husband' face and calm himself before vaulting back down the stairs and unbolting the door.

He's surprised when, instead of his forgetful wife, a man in an expensive suit is standing on the front porch holding a satchel briefcase in each hand.

"Good morning Mr. Boykin," he says in accented English.

"Yes?"

Paul looks over the man's shoulder but sees no cars parked along his curb.

The man turns to follow his gaze.

"Yes, I think perhaps your wife was distracted when she gave me your address. I'm parked three houses down. Let me introduce myself, Mr. Vonhaus ," he offers his hand which Paul does not take," I'm the Tashian's real estate attorney."

Paul's frown deepens.

"Should we reschedule? The Tashians are being billed whether we meet or not," the stranger chuckles with a gleam in his eye.

"No. That's fine, I just wasn't informed this meeting was today. My wife would forget her own ass if it weren't attached to her. Women!"

"Yes."

The man follows Paul into the kitchen and places his briefcases onto the marble countertop.

"You have a lovely home here," he remarks as he opens one case while Paul grabs two coffee cups from the cupboard.

"None for me thank you."

Paul puts the second one back but before he can turn around, the lawyer is right behind him, his mouth to Paul's ear; a hard object is being pressed into his back.

"Now, Paul. You will do exactly as I say and you may survive."

Twenty three minutes later, Hannibal removes his kill suit and returns it to his satchel.

At his feet, Paul lies slipping in and out of consciousnesses.

Foamy, bloody vomit is streaked across the floor , the remainder of which the man is chocking and aspiratating on; it shouldn't be long now.

Hannibal passes the time thinking about his baby boy waiting for him at home. The man on the floor begins to seize, his stiff limbs flailing uncontrollably. The sound of his head helplessly hitting the tile floor repeatedly triggers a memory in Hannibal; he must pick-up some melons on his way back home.

Fifteen minutes later, Hannibal is driving home with a light heart; home to his baby boy whose current problem is now solved.

Daddy always knows best.

Chapter End Notes

I thought of the BTK killer when I wrote "Paul"

The babysitter's club

Chapter Summary

Tío Frederick knows just what baby Will needs. Too bad Will doesn't agree with him.

Chapter Notes

Hannibal and Frederick's relationship here is based upon trr_rr and telera's verse. Look for a link below :0)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Telera's Age play series

Will wakes with a pounding headache and a dry mouth. He's strapped to the crib on his back.

His pacifier dangles uselessly out of reach at the end of its tether.

"Daddeeeee!" He yells before remembering Hannibal's rule about proper vocabulary.

"Da! Da!Da!" He babbles watching the door.

When Hannibal still doesn't appear, a jolt of irrational fear shoots through Will; Daddy's abandoned him because he was a bad boy. Will's vision begins to blur and he's already snuffling when the door finally opens to admit a familiar but unwelcome figure.

Uncle Frederick.

Will's mouth opens then shuts again as his erstwhile babysitter limps over to the railing of the crib and stands looming over him; he is carrying a laptop.

Will smells fresh wine fumes and sees Frederick's exhaustion; neither factors add-up to a promising beginning for their time together.

"Well Willypoo! What is it? What do you want?"

Frederick opens the laptop and places it on a nearby dresser, carefully adjusting the screen.

"It is currently 11:33 AM and I have just arrived in the nursery."

Frederick checks the web camera one final time before going to the closet and gathering diapering supplies.

"Now you're going to be a good boy and let Tío Frederick change you. Right?"

Frederick returns to lower the railing and raise the level of the crib. Will twists his head in an attempt to see the computer screen but his line of sight is blocked.

"Your daddy's not on line. He's busy with a patient."

Frederick loosens the restraints and pulls off the wet, sodden diaper.

"Whoa! Someone was a real 'pee monster' last night!"

Will blushes and tries to imagine it is his daddy wiping, and powdering him but its difficult; Uncle Frederick is not nearly as gentle as Hannibal is.

He wishes Uncle Frederick would place his pacifier in his mouth, but he knows how he feels about "Willy Wuss' pacifier."

"Okay, all done."

Frederick re-secures Will and dumps the diaper in the pail. He disappears from sight and Will uses his absence as an opportunity to try and capture the pacifier's tether with his teeth. He whines when he's unsuccessful and gazes sadly at Mr. Bear.

"What are you whining about Willypoo? I bet it's because you have a boom-boom but can't push it out, isn't it?"

Frederick pushes firmly on Will's lower abdomen and smiles wickedly as Will winces in pain.

"Oh, yes, baby boy is all constipated! Tío Frederick knows just what to do! I'm going to prepare a nice, big, enema for you and then you may have your bottle."

"Uh, uh!" Will protests and strains toward the computer. "Dadadada!"

"None of that! Here, have your pacifier."

Frederick pushes Will's pacifier into his mouth but it does little to soothe him; tears are spilling from his eyes and dripping into his ears. It feels yucky which only makes him cry more.

"Hear that Hannibal? Your baby is having severe gastric distress! I'm going to prepare an enema for him right now."

Uncle Frederick's spankings hurt, but the thought of an enema hurts more. Will spits out his pacifier.

"No daddy! I don't need one!"

Frederick smiles triumphantly at Will's blunder and grabs a gag from the cupboard.

"No! No!"

Will's head is caught between two strong hands. A ball-gag is forced between his jaws as he bucks and squirms but its all no use. The straps are brought around his head and made fast.

Will's jaws ache and drool streams down his cheeks, mixing with tears.

"What a messy baby!"

Frederick is humming as he goes to the closet and pulls the enema kit from the shelf.

"Cold or warm?"

Will knows it's a rhetorical question for the benefit of the live stream.

Just then, the door bell rings and Frederick's sunny face dissolves into a grumpy frown.

"Who could that be!?"

Huffing with exasperation, Frederick glares down at Will.

"I'm going to go get rid of whoever that is."

Frederick turns toward the laptop. "Someone is at your front door Hannibal, I'll be right back."

He limps out of the room and closes the door. As soon as the latch clicks, Will begins an all out effort; squirming and crying and struggling against his binds; hoping daddy, where ever he is, will take pity on him and stop what is about to happen.

Will pauses in his freak-out when he hears shouting downstairs. He holds his breath and pulls his head up to peer towards the door. Yes, there it is again; someone is yelling. Now Will can hear feet pounding up the stairs; it's not daddy coming to save him, daddy wouldn't run like that.

"It's a bad man, coming to hurt me!"

Will's eyes bulge as he screams behind his ball gag.

The nursery door slams open and the figure of a man steps inside.

"Willy?"

Matty is here in the room with him.

"Pooh Bear?" Matty hurries over to the crib.

Will looks terrible, Matty thinks, even worse than the time he'd accidentally swallowed a bug in the garden.

"MATTY!"

Uncle Frederick is standing in the doorway out of breath and pissed -off.

"How dare you barge in here like that!"

Uncle Frederick strides over and grab's Matty's ear, twisting it viciously.

"Owwww! Daddy! Owwww! Let go!"

"How did you get here?"

"I took the bus! Owwww! What's wrong with Will?"

Frederick lets Matty's ear go and points to the door.

"Out! This is daddy business I'm doing for Uncle Hannibal. It's not for little boys to go poking their nose into!"

Matty rubs his throbbing ear and looks hesitatingly at Will. His little friend is pinioned helplessly to the crib, a ball gag stretching his mouth. Tears, drool and snot streak his face and his large eyes are red and puffy from crying.

"What are you doing to him!?"

"That is none of your business Buster Brown! Uncle Hannibal asked me to help him with Will and that's what I was doing until you interrupted us!"

Frederick indicates the laptop and Matty hunches his shoulders, thinking hard. He knows that daddies are rough sometimes and do things that little boys and girls may not like at the time, but that is all for their own good. But Will's beseeching eyes make it hard for Matty to obey his daddy.

"Racecar," Matty says.

"You may not safe word out of this situation Matthew!"

"Then at least let me take the gag out of his mouth and see if he wants to!"

Frederick's jaw works with tension, and Matthew even in his adult mindspace feels a stab of fear.

"Fine!"

Frederick limps over to the crib and glares down at the figure secured there.

Will winces; Uncle Frederick's eyes look scary and menacing.

"I'm going to take the gag off you now Willy. Remember, your daddy is the one who told me to take care of you, and it is your daddy who you'll be disappointing if you don't behave like a good boy!"

Making certain that his body blocks his actions; Frederick pulls the gag off with unnecessary roughness.

As soon as the gag is removed, Will works his jaw; relieved it's out of his aching mouth. He whines and struggles to see Matthew.

Frederick moves to one side and indicates the computer. "Well, Will? What do you want to say to your daddy?!"

Will takes deep shuddering breaths as his eyes dart from the laptop to Matthew and back to Frederick.

"Pineapple," he whispers.

Frederick scowls. "What was that Willy? Speak up. I couldn't hear you!" He lies.

"Pineapple!"

Will's voice tightens on the last syllable and looks pleadingly at Matthew.

"Can you please get me out?"

Matthew looks to Frederick for permission; old habits are hard to break. Just at that moment Fredrick feels his phone vibrate in his pocket.

"Me cago en diez!"

"Do it!" He orders Matthew and limps quickly out of the room and slams the door behind him.

"Frederick."

"Hannibal..."

Frederick slumps against the wall in the hallway knowing instinctively from Hannibal's tone that he's in for a bumpy ride.

"Shit, man. Is this the first time we've been together like this?"

Matthew takes off Will's restraints and helps him dangle his legs off the edge of the crib.

"Yeah. "

Will nearly falls when he attempts to stand and laughs self consciously. "I could go for a couple shots right now, how about you?" He slowly begins to shuffle towards the door, Matthew hovering at his elbow.

"Sure, whadda got?"

"I've got bourbon or tequila; your choice. I'm just going to grab a quick shower and put on some clothes."

Matthew accompanies Will down to little Will's bedroom, careful not to touch the other man unless he is in danger of falling. Will is shaky but clearly embarrassed about his diaper and onesie get-up.

Matthew wants to ask what happened but doesn't; he always misses little Will but somehow, this time he knows it's different.

They walk through little Will's room and into his bathroom.

"You got this?"

"Yeah, don't worry, I'm fine."

Matthew leaves Will alone but goes no further than the door of the bedroom to wait there; just in case.

Hannibal does not check-in with the live stream until he's put two counties and several shopping excursions between him and Mr. Boyin's home. Only then does he consult his tablet while still parked in the toy store parking lot.

Will has apparently awoken from his nap and broken a rule because he is currently gagged; Hannibal frowns at Frederick's choice of gag.

Now Frederick is informing the camera that Will is suffering from "gastrointestinal distress" and plans on administering an enema.

Hannibal has no compunctions about allowing Frederick to perform routine enemas on Will; he knows his friend has learned which lines not to cross. He continues to watch the stream, looking forward to whatever Frederick has in store for his little one.

Matty's dramatic appearance in the nursery is certainly an outlier Hannibal could not have predicted.

Hannibal turns the volume of his tablet up.

Frederick's little boy is upset with Will's treatment; fair enough, though it's not for little boys to decide how daddies should behave.

Then Matty safe words out.

"Fascinating."

"Then at least let me take the gag out of his mouth and see if he wants to!"

For the first time since watching the proceedings, Hannibal feels a flicker of anger. Matthew is attempting to 'rescue' his baby from under his care. His eyes narrow when it appears Will's head is roughly jerked as the gag is taken off.

"*Oh, Frederick, you and Matty are both being naughty boys!"*

"Pineapple."

The faint word is like a physical blow to Hannibal. He grips the screen until his fingers cramp. He watches as Will looks directly into the camera and repeats his safe word before asking for Matthew's assistance out of his crib.

It's while Matthew is helping Will that Hannibal pulls his cell phone out of his briefcase to call his colleague.

Frederick picks up on the second ring.

"Frederick."

"Hannibal..."

Hannibal hears the fear in the other man's voice; fear and trepidation. He smiles charmingly, his good humor partially restored.

"I would like you and Matthew to be out of my home by the time I return.I should be back around midnight."

Frederick swallows audibly; loud enough for Hannibal to hear at any rate.

"Alright. But I did warn you Hannibal."

"Oh, yes? About what?"

"That your boy would be stubborn. You've been too permissive with him."

Frederick's fear is making him reckless, as well as impudent. Hannibal postulates that he is purposely angling for a punishment.

He sits quietly in his car, allowing his silence to ratchet-up Frederick's tension levels.

"Hannibal?"

"I'm here puppy," Hannibal throatily replies in a tone he knows goes straight to Frederick's cock; sure enough, there it is, a quick intake of breath.

"Papi."

"You've been a naughty bitch Frederick. And naughty bitches must be punished; but not tonight."

Frederick whines with impatience, sounding so much like an actual dog Hannibal laughs.

"My poor little bitch is in heat without her sire to mate her? Collar her, strap her face down, ass up, and breed her hard; over and over with his big, fat, cock?"

Muffled sounds of clothing being rubbed is coming from the other end.

"Don't you dare touch yourself Frederick, or I will cage your cock for a month."

Moaning and whining.

"Please, Papi, please."

"No. Go home. Take Matthew with you...and Frederick...?

"Yes?"

"If you cum any time before the next time I see you, I will know. Be certain that you don't."

"Yes, sir."

Hannibal hangs up without another word, well pleased. His burgeoning good mood decreases a notch when he thinks about Will. "*At least it shouldn't be long now. The wife will have gotten the message. One day for local police to contact the FBI. Another day for Jack to return and be debriefed*."

Hannibal pauses in his calculations to glance back at the bags full of special toys he's just purchased. He imagines the joy in his little one's eyes as Will unwraps each new item.

"Four days should suffice. By that time my boy will have come around. I'll clear my calendar so we can spend the whole weekend together. He should be fit for work by that Monday. Then we'll have Frederick and Matty over for a celebratory dinner."

As Hannibal pulls out of the parking lot, seventy miles away, a wife is frantically calling 911 to report a horrifying text message she's just seen, sent from her husband's phone.

By the time Hannibal pulls into the driveway of his home, the news media is already reporting the apparent suicide of Paul Boyin: successful businessman, husband, father and alleged serial killer of young children.

Chapter End Notes

Me cago en diez- Literally means "I shit on ten". WTF? Used to express frustration
http://www.spearfishingplanet.com/general-off-topic/13961-how-curse-like-cuban.html

Epilogue : The Toy Doctor's Kit

Chapter Summary

Little Will enjoys the return to his little mindspace.

Chapter Notes

Finally! The 'prompt' has been filled!

Seven Days Later

It's a rainy afternoon and little Will is plopped in front of his daddy's office fireplace.

Everything inside the room is warm and cozy: the steamy windows streaming with rain, the flickering amber flames, and the plush sheepskin rug Will is hunkered down upon.

The moment Hannibal brought the sheepskin into his office as a changing pad little Will fell in love with it. So much so, that his daddy has allowed its use for playtime; all Will's new toys are ranged across its fuzzy surface.

Will removes a stethoscope from his new toy doctor's kit; the kind filled with everything a real doctor would use to take care of his patients.

He holds the instrument to Mr. Bear's chest and listens intently before nodding and putting it away.

"Good job! Your heart is beating just right!" Will gives his best friend a quick kiss on his little nose.

Poor Mr. Bear is sitting in a doll-sized wheelchair; one pudgy bear leg is encased in a plastic cast, while a stubby arm rests in a sling.

Wee crutches lie waiting for him when he feels well enough to to walk; which won't be for a long, long time if doctor Will has anything to do with it.

"Time to take your medicine!"

Little Will gleefully shakes-out grape Nerds from a toy pill bottle onto his palm.

"No! I don't want them!" Mr. Bear pouts in his squeaky voice.

From his desk, Hannibal smiles.

"Listen to Dr. Will, Mr. Bear and take your medicine. Only two, sweet boy," he reminds his little one.

"Okay daddy."

Little Will beams sweetly at his daddy before putting a stern "daddy-doctor " look on his face for the benefit of his willful cub.

"See! Daddy says take your medicine and daddy's a doctor too!"

"Oookaaay."

Mr. Bear agrees sadly and Hannibal listens for the 'crunch crunch' as his boy helps his patient eat his dose.

"Mmmmm. See!? The medicine is yummy! Now I'm going to change your diaper and put you down for a nap."

"No! I don't wanna nap!"

Predictably, Mr. Bear is fighting his nap and Will sighs with exasperation.

"Daddy! Can you help me with Mr. Bear? I gotta help alota people. I'm so busy!"

Little Will waves his hand at a line of stuffed animals all patiently awaiting his medical expertise.

"Who's next nurse Sissy?" He consults his right-hand doll.

Sissy, decked-out in her new nurses scrubs, checks her tiny clipboard.

"Mr. Olaf. He says his carrot nose has been hurting."

"See daddy? I'm too busy for babies!"

Hannibal comes over to crouch beside Will and gently runs his hand over his boy's head.

"Daddies are never too tired to take care of their babies. But are you getting tired little bear?"

Tuckered-out from all his hard work, Will climbs into his daddy's lap and rests his head on his shoulder.

"Yes, daddy."

Will rubs his shaved cheek against his daddy's shirt; and it's not just his cheek which is clean shaven now.

One of the first things he and his daddy had done the day Will willingly embraced his little headspace was to wax and shave his whole body. Will shivers a little at the pleasurable

memory. He even went on to agree to wearing diapers full-time and drinking bottles; baby Will knows how much his daddy missed him and wants to make it up to him.

Hannibal hugs Will tighter and kisses his warm head; cherishing the little body nestled into his arms.He burrows his nose into his boy's soft curls and breaths in his little one's scent: wood smoke, lanolin, pear shampoo, grape candy, and milk.

"Why don't I make you and Mr. Bear a bottle and then you may take a little rest here, on the rug by the fire?"

"W'eally?"

Hannibal loves when little Will loses his 'R's'; it's an infrequent but adorable occurrence.

"Really sweet pea. Then after your nap, you can open your clinic again and see the rest of your patients before dinner time."

Will is already yawning and rubbing his eyes so Hannibal places him on the rug and goes to prepare the bottle.

" 'kay," "Will agrees sleepily and lies down, pillowing his head with one hand and pulling Sissy towards him. "You can take a nap too, Sissy."

One of Will's thumbs is in his mouth while he uses his free thumb and index finger to soothingly stroke Sissy's tiny hand.

Daddy comes back and hands him a warm bottle then changes his diaper while he drinks. Mr. Bear is given a reprieve from his wheelchair and placed beside his boy.

"Does Mr. Bear need a blanket?"

Will's eyes are already shut. "Uh, uh."

"Alright, sweet dreams baby boy." Hannibal kneels beside Will's and kisses his closed eyelids. Will smiles around his thumb and turns his head to nestle against his daddy's knees.

Hannibal rests his forehead against Will's for a moment before kissing it then rises. He goes back to his desk and types out a quick text to Frederick.

H-Be here tonight at 10PM. And don't eat or drink anything for the remainder of the day.

An answer comes back almost instantaneously.

F-Finally

H-Well?

F-Thank you Papi

"*That's more like it*," Hannibal smirks, looking forward to the wonderful roster of activities he has in store for Frederick tonight.

After all, daddies always know best.

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